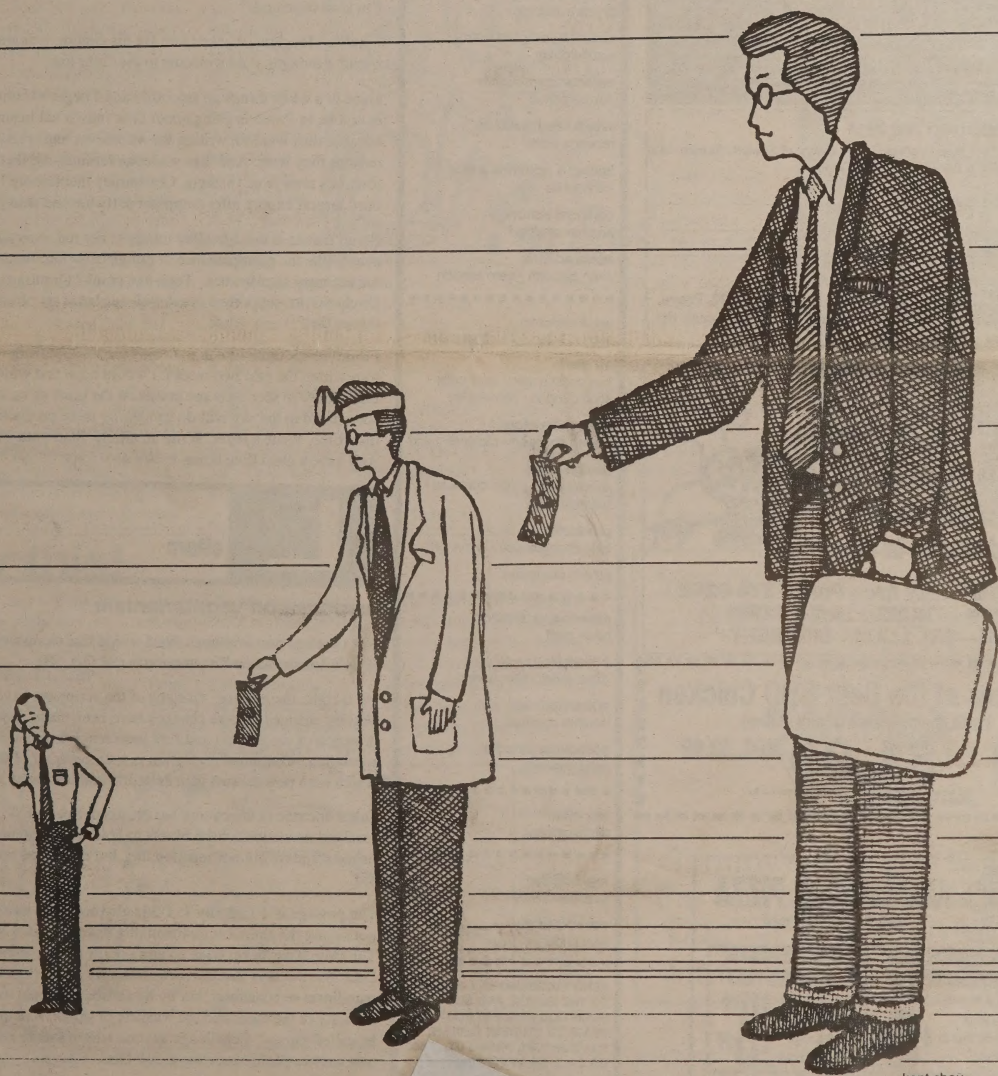


# STUDENT reviewer

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY'S UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • NOVEMBER 4, 1992



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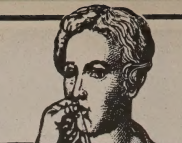
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# S

taff Notes

## Note from the Publisher: "Us" vs. "Them"?

My name is at the top of the staff box, my number is listed with BYU info—I never know what to expect when the phone is for me. Last week I got a phone call from "the press."

"I'm doing a story on the rivalry between the *Universe* and the *Review*," he said.

Rivalry. That's news to me. Sure, once in a while we put out a *Uniforce* and once in a while their sports writers borrow clever quips from our sports writers. But rivalry? This isn't exactly college football.

"I talked to a professor in the Communications department and he said you guys were in bad faith if you told your advertisers you could reach the same market as us," he said.

Same market? I thought. We're a different product, for different consumption purposes. As one of my staffmates says, "The only basis for comparison is that both the *Universe* and the *Review* are printed on newsprint."

"You know," he continued, "I'm kind of defending you guys in this article because, frankly, I feel like I'm going out on a limb here. I'm kind of scared."

I muffled laughter, thanked him for his candor. Congratulations, friend, I thought. And welcome to the front line.

Once in a while things go smoothly and I begin to believe that everyone in Provo is going about their individual businesses because they want to, writing for whomever and whatever reasons they wish. And then someone reminds me that in this town it's always us vs. them. Conspiracy theories are Provo's third largest export, after computer software and skin products.

By no means is this a healthy mindset. For me, it means that events like the disappearance of our distribution stands take on unnecessary significance. Teen-age prank? Or ultra-right Bircher/Griz-supporters upset with our latest set of articles on this or that?

I'd rather not think like that. Stands are disappearing—three or four within the past two weeks. I would hope that whoever thinks they're scoring some points on the great us vs. them scoreboard in the sky will do something more productive with their time. Write a letter. Write an article. Start your own paper. And have a great time doing it. We do. *Jon BH*

# L

etters

## response on vegetarianism

Not to sound presumptuous, but I would like to answer Jonathan Kyle's comments on Vegetarianism (*SR* Oct. 28).

He is right, the modern editions of the scriptures have been slightly changed. These changes have been made under the direction of the prophet and first presidency through continued revelation. Continued revelation is a strong point of the church, which each person must gain an individual testimony of.

Other doctrine in the church has changed; Spencer W. Kimball received revelation for the blacks to hold the priesthood. Established scripture did not sanction this, but continued revelation did.

The passage in 1 Timothy 1: 1-3 is also accurate, however I am not saying the church is commanding us to abstain from meat. The church has never done so and I don't believe it ever will. D&C 89: 2-3 says that the revelation was given, "not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation...adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of saints, who are or can be called saints." I challenge anyone who wants to know the true answer on this question to ask God. I have.

I don't want to impose my views on others, but for those who are ready for more of the law, they must seek their own understanding. If you pray, and the Lord tells you to eat large slabs of meat at every meal, then by all means go ahead.

—Heather Stratford  
Lake George, New York



## college town?

Hello, students of Provo. Life hasn't been exactly what I may have wished here in "Happy Valley," but I suppose I should have come a bit more prepared. You see, I'm a Frosh here at BYU and

by rita pollart

I've spent a summer at another college—Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Those of you from Pittsburgh can relate to the "culture shock" I received at the vast differences between life in Pittsburgh and death in Provo. Those of you who aren't can just relate it to the local college town in your home state: nobody cares what you wear, there are things to do after 10:30 pm that won't get you arrested, and the dorms are actually a fun, socially acceptable place to live (co-ed, even). I was in punk heaven.

Yes, though it was only a summer, CMU and Pittsburgh filled me with wild wordly visions of college life. I hung out with some locals who taught me the glories of free expression. One of them, "Spaz," posted social commentaries named "Public Enemas." However, I didn't quite agree with the whole Eastern/Ivy League narrow way of dealing with my chosen field, so I came to BYU seeking (of all things), academic diversity! I was admitted and given a scholarship, a Pell Grant, and a one-way ticket to Celestial Education.

I tried to avoid the horrors of BYU freshman life by ditching the dorms, getting an apartment, finding a job in my department (no lawn-mowing for this punk!) and vowing never to touch

a single taco salad. Also, though Provo has no inherent social scene, there had to be some students I could relate to and Salt Lake was only an hour away. Yes, it sure looked like I was prepared. Sure, this wasn't Pittsburgh, but Provo could still be a college town, right?

Unfortunately, reality soon set in. It's only October and already my scholarship is endangered, my grant has long run out, my apartment's way

too expensive for a tiny hole I'm never home to fill, my job eats all my time not already absorbed in irrelevant GE classes and hunting through vending machines, and the only time I've been to SLC was for conference weekend.

Now, most of this I can take in stride—this is college, right? But what really gets to me is the lack of accepted diversity. Okay, I should have expected it, but I've never felt expression so denied and constricted. Even my own home isn't immune—all my collection of *Student Review* shopping guides have been thrown out (okay, it was only about 5 or 6, but free expression has still been attacked, right?)

All right, I'm not the type to just sit

and complain. I've never been able to see a problem without trying to find a way to solve it. But what can I do? One problem I saw first off is the whole housing situation. Now, I do realize the value of making sure everyone is standardly snug and morally safe in Approved Housing and can't see a BYU without it. In face, it may even be a good idea if it could actually work.

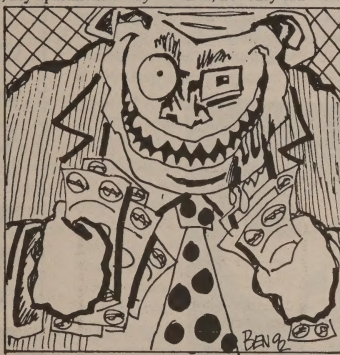
But, not only can we students get away with anything we want in spite of accreditation, but our landlords can legally have their way with us housing-desperate students. We all pay about \$150-\$200 a month for the living space of a broom closet. The owners

take in about \$1000 off of one apartment every month! Repairs and complaints are handled like a government institution, and we can't do a thing about it. The whole "BYU Approved" housing scheme allows those with accreditation to enjoy a closed market, and no one at BYU seems to care. Something—anything—has to be done.

I heard a while back about something of a "renter's union" being formed. Hey—if anyone knows any-

thing about it, make yourself known so people like me can get involved. Help figure out what we can do about our outrageous situation (our rent, I understand, will even increase another \$10 a month across the board next year.) I don't want to see a big, messy revolution (if it could even happen), but I refuse to believe that all we can do is sit here like lab rats and take this. If we all can get together and come up with a reasonable solution somebody has to listen.

All right, maybe I'm a little naive, but I'm someone who still believes in intelligent democracy. After all, this is still America, isn't it? Isn't it... ☺



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## hear this!

Have you ever noticed that when you are really busy, tired, and burned out that the

by rebecca butler

ti- ni- est little things can make you positively jubilant? Well, I've got a little capsule of joy for

all to share during the mid-term burnout time. It's a music catalogue called *Hear* and it is amazing! It is totally accessible and can be enjoyed by

all types of music lovers except maybe by die-hard Motley Crue fans. The best part though is that all of the music offered in it is highly recommended. In fact, the whole premise behind the catalogue is to find some really talented artist's favorite music

and pass the information on to the buyer. For example, in the holiday 1992 issue, we find music recommended by John Prine, k.d. lang, Suzanne Vega, Leonard Cohen, Dave Brubeck, Branford Marsalis, Natalie Merchant, and David

even caters to those that may not like music (does such a person exist?) with a section called "Performance" which specializes in the spoken word. In this issue they have a piece by Spalding Gray which verbally details his difficulty

in writing a book. They also have a box set of Jack Kerouac reading, with Steve Allen playing jazz piano in the background. I



Byrne.

In addition to this, *Hear* offers a wide variety of musical styles, including jazz, classical, Cuban, Brazilian, Celtic, African, reggae, folk, blues, gospel, Dixie, soul, and, in this issue, Christmas music. If that weren't enough, *Hear*

highly recommend a phone call to *Hear* to obtain a catalogue. Their toll-free number is 1-800-959-HEAR. Or if you happen to be in the Berkeley area anytime soon, they're opening a store there on November 4. ☺

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## Correction:

In last week's issue, we mistakenly listed Rami Tal as the oboe player when he is, in fact, the flute player. Sorry Rami.



## country music in light of the restoration

BYU was established with the objective of providing secular knowledge in light of the restoration. Such a viewpoint provides clarity and **by dave seiter** understanding in an otherwise confusing and mixed-up world. Thus, as students of this great institution, it is only fitting that we examine all dogmas, doctrines, and all facets of life in the context of their relationship to the gospel and with a concern for their eternal consequences. Country music is no exception.

To fully understand country music, one must employ the three fundamental ques-

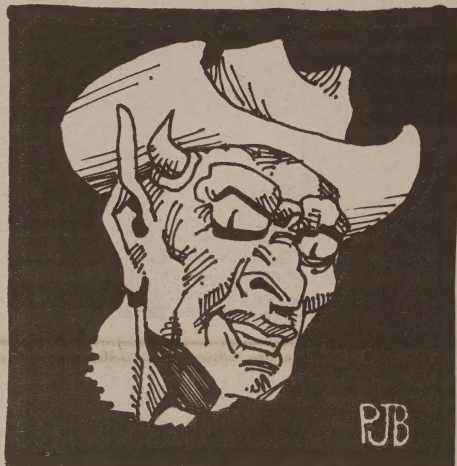
restoration. I am referring to the three universal questions that provide the foundation, even the impetus, of the great missionary work going forth among the world today. They are: Who am I? Where did I come from? and Why am I here? When applied to country music, the questions become: What is it? Where did it come from? and Why is it here? The answers to these questions reveal the very real threat of country music and its role in our society.

What is it? Country music is a tool of the devil. It neither inviteth nor enticeth to do good. It is well established and documented that the ever-prevalent twang found in the vocals of the purveyors of country music closely resembles the howl of the devil. It has been shown that repeated listening of country music will darken the mind of the unsuspecting victim. It robs young women of their morality. It diminishes the respectability of our noble young men. In short, no good has ever, or ever will, come of it.

Where did it come from? The obvious answer is . . . hell. Satan planted it in the backwoods, rural regions of our

blessed nation so that it might have sufficient opportunity to fester among the simple country folk who didn't know any better. Once again, Satan has proved that ignorance is a fertile breeding ground for his wicked schemes. What was once an annoying itch on the back of American music has become a cancerous scourge to all humanity.

Why is it here? Heaven only



knows! Popular opinion seems to believe it is the test of the faithful. Those who endure this test well (by restraining themselves from such a wicked and perverse indulgence) will be rewarded justly in this life and in the life to come. It is clear that those who succumb to its repulsive yet somehow effective enticings will suffer an eternal torment.

Now that we have answered these three fundamental questions, one still remains. It would be shortsighted and negligent for us to come to a knowledge of this evil and then not act upon that knowledge. It is therefore expedient to acknowledge its possible future. Hence, my next question . . .

Where is it going? Country music has already made its

mark, even an ugly stain, in Top 40 territory. Although this seems appropriate in view of the fact that Top 40 is typically musical rubbish, it means that its influence will be more readily felt by the masses, who otherwise would not have had to be exposed to its terrible reality. When contemplating the future of country music, one can only hope for the best.

Keeping these questions in mind, we can gain a greater realization of the urgency of this issue. Country music has become an ever increasing problem in our society—one which must be addressed. The rampant increase in country music's popularity has become a sign of the times. The mindless multitudes have fallen into this dangerous trap. The wiles of

Lucifer have won the hearts of these poor and hopeless children. These must certainly be the last days.

However, we must remember that the redeeming blessings of repentance are available to all those who will turn from their indulgences. Our message to all is that it is never too late. You can turn from your evil desires. Do not despair. You can sell back your CD & Some have triumphed over this lie and have risen above its deception. For these we are grateful. Through the light of the restoration, we can see how important it is to continue constant vigilance against our enemies. Country music is a pernicious and promiscuous evil that must be extinguished. ☪

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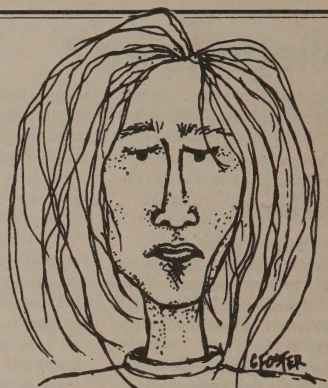
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### of food, folks, and fun

Today, as I was having my morning bowl of Froot Loops, I made a remarkable discovery. I thought I was eating a sugar-coated wad of flour, but I was dead wrong. According to the box, I was feasting upon a "sweetened multi-grain cereal." You can only imagine how excited I was. As near as I can tell, my Froot Loops are now health food!

To understand the cause for my excitement, you must first realize that I am, perhaps, the pickiest eater in the world. I have never met anyone who has worse eating habits than mine. For years, I have been a constant source of frustration to my parents, nutritionists, and nosy lunchroom attendants. To give you an idea of how badly my parents want me to try new foods (a list of foods I really like can be counted on one hand), consider this absolutely true fact: my father once offered me a trip to Puerto Rico if I ever ate a banana. (It's actually quite a tempting offer, and, in the unlikely event that I ever want to get married, I may eat a banana for a cheap honeymoon.)

I share this with you because I have been looking for ways to improve my eating habits. According to some lady, a steady diet of Pepsi and Little Debbie's Peanut Butter Wafers will shave precious years off your life. "Matt, if you keep eating like that, you won't live to be 11 years old," were her exact words, if I recall correctly. I've already lived out my life expectancy twice over, so I'm definitely living on borrowed time.

That's why I'm so excited about this Froot Loops thing. I thought they were bad for me, but they are really health food. If I can just rename all the other foods I eat, I might live to see 24! Under this new system, my dinner of chocolate milk and corn chips becomes a healthful bounty consisting of a carbohydrate-enriched dairy product and a crunchy, baked, whole-grain patty. Better yet, yesterday's breakfast of Ho Ho's and Hi-C can now be called a nutritious animal protein-augmented bread roll and fruit-based vitamin drink! I'm already beginning to feel more healthy!

Say, that reminds me, while we're on the subject of food, I've come up with another idea to help us all graduate in four years. Yes, I know that everyone has beat this subject to death, but this is one swell idea. We need *real* Coke on campus.

I made this discovery last week in the bookstore when I bumped into a long-lost friend. It was about five in the afternoon and she was running to some class that was required for her "major of the week." She had but one problem—she had no idea where she was. Apparently she had been sleeping in the library and couldn't shake the drowsiness. I suggested she purchase some drug-laden cola at the Cougar eat.

see "fun" page 5



## uncle joe's dream analysis

More for you this week. Remember to send me your authentic dreams c/o Uncle Joe's Dream Analysis, P.O. Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602. I tell it like you see it.

Dear Uncle Joey,

Are you ready for this dream? Here it is ... wait. First off, I want you to know that this has been a recurring dream. I've already had it about 4 or 5 times. It begins as me and my dog Rosie (who my mother put to sleep while I was young and away at a friend's house) are swimming along and conversing together in a swimming pool. Underneath the pool is a marsh with many large turtles swimming down beneath us. Also, clock parts were floating all about us. The largest turtle approaches and tells me to get my gear (wet suit, etc.) together so he can give us a ride to a grand castle. Sometimes the dream ends here, but sometimes we reach the castle. Inside is an auditorium, and as Rosie and I are looking around we see a bad guy who looks like Peter Pan. We know he is a mean person, so we hide behind a curtain with some other people who happen to be there with us. Then, as we are all trying to be quiet, someone drops their jellybeans and gives us away. I get very upset at this person. The dream has never gone further than this point. What do you make of this Uncle Joe?

Trisha Hansen  
Orem, Utah

Trisha,

That's quite a dream you've got. I spent more time and attention than usual on your dream. I even put a nail trough my thumb while going over that part about the turtles. O.K., here we go. Now you obviously have had a return to the younger days of your life. Rosie's appearance in your dream shows your attachment to the past. Your life is represented by the swimming pool and the marsh, the swimming pool symbolizing a controlled future (the walls, the chlorination), the marsh symbolizing times of difficulty (the dirty water, etc.). The turtles are the many available means of escape from all this difficulty, and the clock parts show that you have time pressures for your escape. When the large turtle, who is obviously a nice warm gentle fellow if you catch my drift, offers you a trip to the "good times," you go. But once there, youth comes back to haunt you. Peter Pan always stands for youth (I should know; my kids watch the damn video every day). Ducking behind the curtain is representative of the curtain we all throw up to hide from our youth. Some can't take it and spill the beans in emotional breakdown. Not you, though. You're upset because you hope that if others can take it, so can you. Thank you so much for your dream, young Trish. Don't worry about my thumb. I've been hurt worse. That reminds me of the days I was a young apprentice in a furniture factory. But that's another story.

uncle joe



SR ART STAFF WISHES TO THANK  
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KINKO'S FOR BEING SO COOL ...  
"A."

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## top twenty

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7. Good seats
8. Controlling tartar build up
9. M.D.T.
10. Sharkskin apparel
11. Self-actualization
12. Insatiable (the S.L.C. ska band)
13. Touchdown Jesus
14. Revealing photos
15. Waterproof shoes
16. Grandpas
17. Chocolate factories
18. Orrin Hatch the "Alien"
19. Bliiss
20. Graham Chapman

## bottom ten

M.S.T., kissing cousins, getting burned, liquids going down the wrong tube, BYUSA, Andrew Gustafson, whiners, root canals, getting a popcorn kernel caught between your tooth and gums, people who lust after \_\_\_\_\_ (your old girl/boyfriend's name here)

## "fun" from page 4

Much to her chagrin, she realized that you could find only the drug-free version while on campus.

So she staggered off to a class that she didn't stand a chance of staying awake through, let alone passing. As I watched her disappear past the greeting card section, I thought, "How sad, this poor woman could be almost graduated if she only had access to some caffeine." Since then, I've been confident that we need to get some stimulant-intensive beverages on campus.

Now I know what many of you are thinking, you're thinking, "Hey, caffeine is against the Word of Wisdom!" I guess you have a good point, but I'm sure the brethren wouldn't mind if it helped us graduate on time.

Anyway, until we can get BYU to "legalize" it, we need some sort of renegade faculty member to distribute caffeine in class. This person would be the Timothy Leary of BYU. Now that would be fun! Imagine some teacher running around campus handing out cans of Jolt Cola to innocent looking students until he is eventually caught by the administration and forced to be a guest on "Later with Bob Costas."

Well, I doubt any of that will happen, but perhaps the school would allow normal cola on campus if we called it a "nut-based, sucrose enriched beverage." Just a thought. ☺



## toward understanding

It is shocking. Some things you spend your whole life wishing and trying to convince yourself won't happen, and then they do.

It happened today to me. Sitting tiredly in a lecture on Katherine Anne Porter, trying not to yawn too much because I was up until 2:30 writing a paper, I took careless notes and scribbled flowers into the margins of the text with my highlighter pen. I listened to the discussion, but not just the primary one. Two men sat behind me commenting in loud whispers that I could hear clearly about their weekend, their majors, their mission reunion, and (occasionally) the class discussion.

A woman raised her hand to comment on the theme of feminine awakening and rebellion in the text. We have to understand, she said, how important it is for a woman to discover herself. She must be permitted to reject the past and create her own role, her own values, her own life. She must have this freedom, or she will never find herself.

Then came the whispers from behind me: "She's a Nazi," one man said. "I can tell." Chuckles. "All that feminist crap. It's unreal. Can't they just lighten up?"

I stopped listening then. I felt as if my ears had been burned. I felt as if my soul had been ripped, just a little bit, ridiculed, mocked. Of its own accord my hand wrote onto the bottom of my note page a bitter mental response as it formulated in my mind: *You've never been trapped. You've never been silenced in the name of God. You've never been chained to an irrelevant past. How dare you laugh at oppression. How dare you laugh at slavery. How dare you laugh at human pain.*

I thought of speaking to them but didn't attempt to. I wanted to tell them that many women feel this way, that women have the same need as men to find their identities and accomplish their dreams, and attain "fulfillment" in life. I wanted them to understand that just like men, women often need to seek outside of prescribed traditional roles for these things.

But I said nothing. It's conditioning, I think, from negative past experience. It is less painful to be trivialized impersonally than to be trivialized to your

face. I was afraid of a blank stare, a cutting remark, an alienation that would last the rest of the semester. So I opted to ignore the comments and listen harder to the lecture.

I felt some small satisfaction when the men were temporarily silenced by the professor's following comments: "At this point we're dealing with a response that comes commonly from the male mind. 'God help us if the women rebel! Send this rebellious woman to someone who can talk some sense into her.' Men often don't want to accept a woman's right to choose her own way."

This comment on the professor's part was something of a surprise, as the professor is a white male of the older generation. Closeted or even open feminism

the affecting.

Were it not for oppression by privileged groups, we would not have meanings for phrases like *feminism*, *affirmative action*, and *empowerment*. The ideas behind these terms would be built already into society, and we would have more words for ideas like *equality*, *harmony*, *community*, and *peace*.

I am an idealist for believing in something like this. Yet I read holy words like, "and he denieth none that come unto him, black and white, bond and free, male and female; and he remebereth the heathen; and all are alike unto God" (2 Nephi 26:33), and I come to believe that God is also an idealist. God is a radical, liberal crusader for human rights in his own cosmic way, just as every human is when he or she

can no longer simply ignore oppression in the existing world.

Human rights movements are neither games nor jokes. Social theories such as feminism, Marxism, or socialism are not trivial simply because the dominant BYU culture chooses not to subscribe to them. The motivation behind social theories is to promote positive change in an imperfect society.

Whether or not we agree with aspects of any given theory, we have a responsibility to investigate the possibilities and strive in our individual ways to bring about change, equality and peace. Obviously, the status quo is not the perfect society. And just as obviously, we have before us a

long road of developing ideas, means, and methods for social improvement and change before we will ever reach that "promised land."

To those men in my class—and to all of us, because we are all guilty in our various ways—I ask that next time you want to laugh, discount, or trivialize a person simply because he or she does not happen to believe as you do, stop for a moment and ask, "Why do they believe as they do?" Look for the roots, and then sincerely try to understand them. You don't have to agree. But if we will not even try to understand each other in our differences and diversity, we have no hope.

We must strive, at the very least, to understand.

*Julie, an old Student Review hand, has recently returned from her mission in Hungary. We're glad she's back.* ☺



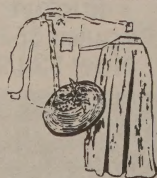
is not expected from male professors of this class, I guess, so the whispered currents halted temporarily in what I would like to think of as a brief moment of embarrassed self-recognition. I think that because I like to believe in justice (though I'm not at all sure it even occurred to these men), that the whole point of the lecture was to do away with attitudes like theirs.

Feminism wasn't conceived because of women, per se. The civil rights movement didn't happen initially because of African-Americans, and the Intifada didn't begin because of the Palestinians. Yes, the banner is waved and the active work carried on by these affected parties, but the beginnings of such efforts are couched in negativity. The root motivation for all human rights movements is not found in the crusaders themselves; rather, it originates in the oppression imposed by those privileged ones who do

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# opinion:

## gail turley houston,

### assistant professor of english, byu

When I first came to BYU two years ago, I was delighted by the diversity of opinions being expressed in the academic arena. But now I am increasingly concerned, for despite all the good intentions on the part of those directly involved in the writing of the academic freedom document, I believe that the document and the machinations going on behind the scenes spell the end of academic freedom on this campus. (My natural curiosity leads me to wonder: Why weren't faculty allowed to vote on the document? Why the continuing exegesis and defense of the *Sunstone* Symposium statement. Why the secretive way the new clause was put in teaching contracts with no asking for input from the faculty? Why have we moved to a hierarchical, theocratic model regarding the relationship between faculty and administration rather than retaining the traditional spirit of universities, that is, that administration and faculty are equals?)

I hope I am wrong, but since I have been at BYU it seems that those who do not agree with a majoritarian agenda are increasingly endangered. For example, the academic freedom document explicitly states that it is based on Enlightenment principals of anti-dogmatism. But many faculty (post-modernists and feminists) base their philosophical positions on their belief that the Enlightenment credo is itself dogmatic and abusive, particularly to minority groups. What happens to such faculty members in the current climate?

I have many problems with the academic freedom document, but most problematic to me is the assumption that BYU faculty should be models of spirituality. Consider Elder Packer's recent statements or Bruce Hafen's statement during the faculty conference of Fall 1992: "The best way to teach young people who are struggling to find the place of a sacred system in a profane world is to offer them not just theories but teachers and classmates who have found their own wholesightedness." Now that is a very admirable

and idealistic notion, and seemingly a reasonable request to make of faculty members. However, isn't it rather egotistical to claim that BYU professors can be the source of the nascent testimonies of their students, and, likewise, can we be held accountable for the loss of their testimonies? Are testimonies so outer-directed and superficial that they are made and destroyed by one BYU professor? Can a person be constantly "wholesighted" about the sacred and profane? Are testimonies a one-time-only, make-or-break entity? Are testimonies so fragile as to disappear any time they are mingled with rigorous academic inquiry? And is it not potentially an abuse to allow the firing of a faculty member because of claims that she or he caused a student to lose his or her testimony?

I firmly believe that my own position of deep and abiding faith in the gospel is partially a result of always having the option to fluctuate between other positions, such as doubt, disbelief, or even angry skepticism. Remove those options and I'm an automaton. Force me into a position in which it is implicitly mandated that I must be a constant spiritual guide to my students and I am forced to be a hypocrite. I would suggest, further, that removing the possibility of inhabiting a position of doubt, even antagonistic disbelief, endangers everyone in the community. No one is immune to doubt or disbelief. No one knows when one of life's painful experiences may, for a short or extensive period of time, seem to shatter one's heretofore stalwart faith. Thus, I believe that we might offer a great service to our students by teaching them that periods of crisis of faith, or mild questioning are normal.

In my mind, then, deeply religious communities must allow, tolerate, and, yes, nurture the position of doubt and questioning. We never know when we will be in that position of doubt, or in the position of being a minority, and when we are in that position we will need allow-

ances, tolerance, and nurturing. I say "position" of doubt because it avoids the rigid labeling of persons as doubters and unbelievers and recognizes that this is a temporary position that anyone might inhabit. In contrast to fears that doubt is a disease contaminating the community, I believe that we can only be healthy, only have integrity, if we allow for the limits of free agency in the experience of our religious belief. The great Italian religious and secular poet Dante was at the same time both deeply religious and deeply skeptical. As one scholar suggests, in Dante's *Divina Commedia* in the metaphor of the pilgrim's journey through hell upward towards heaven, walking (a symbol of the movement toward faith) requires resistance—one leg resists from behind in order that the forward leg might ascend.

My own experience of faith is that I can go to my heavenly parents and say anything to them and ask them anything—they do not attempt to muzzle me or my free agency, and they respond to me with outpourings of love when I am at my most skeptical; likewise, they do not mind if I practice some "brainstorming" and open-

**"Are testimonies so outer-directed and superficial that they are made and destroyed by one BYU professor?"**

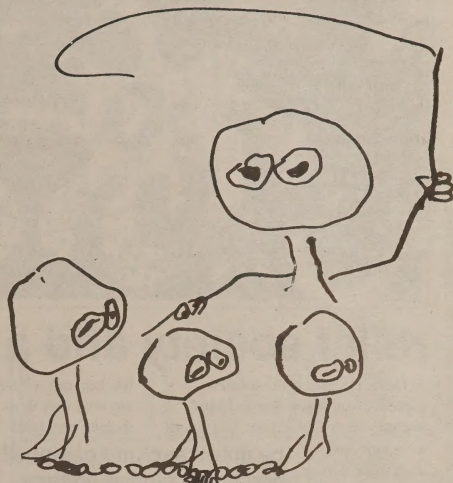
ended engagement with the gospel. For all the above reasons, then, I believe that it is impossible to hold BYU professors accountable for the condition of a student's testimony. My own testimony is based on continual communication with my heavenly parents and my own processing of experiences and influences on my life. If I myself thought to blame somebody for the loss of my testimony (because of the Church and school policies and doctrines that are very troubling to me) I might refer to the rigid and uncharitable public statements made by high church and secular leaders in this community in the past year. With a kind of self-righteous indignation that is frightening to behold,

others in this community seem to be moving towards the mode of punishing and castigating those viewed as doubters. Hate mail, hit-lists, and secret files do not belong in a university setting or a Zion community. But I do not hold any of these people responsible for my testimony. I feel that, like me, they are attempting to fulfill that astonishing task of "living the gospel." But I say to them as one of Brigham Young's colleagues said to him, "It's my church too." "My church" is one of kindness and love. I cannot identify with paranoid and judgmental attitudes as my religious foundation.

And speaking of early Church leaders, didn't the young Joseph Smith teach us a profoundly important lesson when he narrated the kinds of responses he received to his "unorthodox" interpretation of Christianity, given to him by God? This fourteen-year-old boy pondered why his former church friends and ministers became his persecutors. After telling them of his revelation, he wondered why, if they truly loved him, they responded so harshly. He reasoned that when you love someone and believe they are wrong in their religious views, you do not reject them, but love them even more. The implication is that we have no right to judge someone's religious (or non-religious) convictions if we do not love them. Likewise, a fine colleague of mine suggests that in the statement "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth

shall make you free," "free" in Greek means something like "generous" or "liberal." Seen in this light, this important Mormon tenet seems to imply that we should be more encompassing and kindly towards those we disagree with rather than exclusionary and judgmental. In fact, the love-it-or-leave-it attitude, though it may sound reasonable, actually fosters a totalitarian environment: "love it or leave it" is a slogan that might have been heard in Nazi Germany or the former Soviet Union. It should not be the ruling principle in this community.

I love my religious and scholarly communities, but that love depends on my ability to actively engage with and question those communities. Certainly, mine is a minority voice, but I assume that a healthy religious and scholarly community listens to and conducts itself positively with regards to minority voices. In conclusion, then, I would suggest that it might be healthier to acknowledge that the board and administration will not always agree with many of the positions of BYU faculty members, but that they trust the faculty and desire that they have the latitude free agency and free inquiry bring. Indeed, as President Hinckley recently reminded us, the exquisite and profound love of the gospel and the process of scholarly search for the truth is nurtured in an atmosphere of trust. ☺







## relief society and a woman's place: a response

Often we have heard women express dissatisfaction with Relief Society—they feel left out, too young, too single, too inquisitive to really conform to the image of Eve on the cover of the manual. She's 5'8" with hot-rolled blonde hair and 14 percent body fat. She radiates comfortable complacency and obedience.

Well we aren't and we don't. We are neither blonde nor tall, complacent nor obedient; but we have found that Relief Society can offer relief from bureaucracy, insincerity, and hunger in the Church. And because we go to Relief Society without feeling like we need to conform, Relief Society is a place where we feel we belong.

To begin with, we like Relief Society because it doesn't have the constraints of other Church auxiliaries. Although the curriculum has been correlated Church-wide, individual

teachers can reinterpret the lesson in any way they think is relevant to the women they teach. Teachers in singles wards can modify the lessons, eliminating the how-to

motherhood tips. Women in young wards can cater to young marriages and young mothers, and older wards, with a variety of women, can call a variety of teachers with different points of view. In all of this, individual women who are interested in the experience of other women—married, divorced, single, or widowed—can find lessons in one another.

Another advantage of Relief Society is that it is not as heavily monitored for religious orthodoxy or conformity as Priesthood or Sunday School. We have the chance in this relatively open realm to make the gospel ours, and to pursue new approaches to doctrine. Relief Society is a "women's place," and in it we have the chance to value the

subjective and the personal over objective, impersonal judgement. Christ's gospel has often been limited in the Church to logical, guidebook applications. In groups of women we can return to that aspect of the gospel which is intuitive and emotional; a place where people, and not policy, are the source of salvation.

Relief Society is the one adult program in the Church over which women have control. It is small and autonomous enough that individual women can make a difference. This is crucial to remember, because American culture creates so many institutions that leave women powerless. Relief Society is as close as your meetinghouse, and quiet enough that the most timid voice can be heard. So speak out. It's every woman's responsibility to make Relief Society her place, rather than a place for her. You don't need to see your image mirrored in every other woman in order to be a part of the community;

Relief Society will not and should not be what you already are. You won't ever find only young mothers or *Sunstone* contributors. Your responsibility is to enjoy the diversity and to respect courage in any kind of woman.

No one is a "Molly Mormon" Relief Society member. The image of the good woman who fulfills all of her duties with a smile is a myth. But even those of us with questions about Eve can use Relief Society as a vehicle for nurturing sisterhood. We can make casseroles for others, not because it's what-women-do but because we choose to nourish and sustain one another in need. We can tie quilts at homemaking meeting without feeling our individuality threatened because our point is not in the tying, but in the connecting of our hearts. And once we've started to participate, we will forget to feel marginalized, ignored, or oppressed. And we will teach lessons on Monet and Emma and find there's a place for them too. ☺

## orange chevy truck .....

Yes, I did go on a mission, and that surprises a lot of people. I haven't been home for very long, either. I promised myself when I came back to BYU, I wouldn't tell one million mission stories or precede every comment with "when I was in France...." I was determined to put the whole experience behind me and move on with life. It hasn't always been easy.

I was first slapped with culture shock when I walked through the gates of the Washington DC airport. T-shirts and fitted jeans. Cowboy boots and high-tops. Everyone spoke so loudly. I could hear an entire conversation across the room. A group of military men sat in the corner swearing and speaking lewdly as women passed. The sounds grated on my recently-returned-missionary ears, and I was embarrassed. (It wasn't as if I hadn't heard such things in France—I just hadn't understood everything that was said.) Standing in that airport, I was ashamed to be an American. A woman standing near me asked for the time, and I gave my best answer in a strong French accent.

When I arrived at the airport in Durango, Colorado, I was relieved to discover my parents knew me well enough not to have banners and balloons to welcome me home. I was greeted with hugs, tears, and camera flashes. But there were no kisses on both cheeks. Everyone spoke to me in English. I was rather disgusted and just wanted to go to bed.

The next two days were a whirlwind. My mother had meticulously planned my life. My parents had moved in my absence, so everything was unfamiliar. I felt as if I were staying in a member's home without a companion. I knew no one at my homecoming, and everyone was far too friendly at church. Children spoke much too rapidly, and I frequently found myself asking them to repeat themselves.

My unofficial and most appreciated "welcome home" committee came in a rather unexpected form. My third day home I decided to take my bike on a little "road trip" into town—a ten-mile ride straight down the side of a mountain. Durango is nestled at the bottom of it. It was hot, and I was quickly bored by the tourists and locals alike. I decided to go home.

I began my climb, truly believing it wouldn't be too difficult. After all, I now had a bike with eighteen speeds instead of my accustomed three, and I'd ridden all over the hilly southern coast of France. No problem, I thought, forgetting one important thing—the difference between sea level and a 7000-foot elevation.

The next thing I knew, I woke up with my face soundly planted in gravel, my bike intertwined with my legs, and an older blonde hippie in a yellow dress standing over me, saying, "Honey... you were twitching!" I mumbled something about elevation change. She loaded my bike into the back of her truck and insisted on driving me to the top of the mountain.

Somewhere in the back of my fogged brain, a voice said, "Welcome back to America, Chris."

I climbed with her into the cab of the old orange Chevy pick-up truck. She explained that she was not usually on this particular stretch of highway, but this day she was on her way to Gallup, New Mexico; she made jewelry, and she was going to buy some stones. We talked about life, and she openly shared her opinions on politics and religion. She wasn't in the least defensive. When I explained to her what I had been doing in France, she said it was wonderful that there were still people who care about helping others. I smiled to myself and thought, "Yes, just like her." I don't think anyone in France would have stopped to help me like she had. Our conversation ended as she dropped me off in my driveway.

I'm still not used to so many trucks. I still listen to Mylene Farmer and Jeanne Mas. I still eat with my knife and my fork at the same time. I hear I still speak French in my sleep. But it has been a long time since I've had the urge to walk up to a complete stranger, introduce myself, and ask if he or she is happy with his or her life. I no longer look at an apartment complex and estimate how long it would take to tract it out. I do tell a lot of missionary stories. Many times I am still embarrassed to be an American—at least until I remember one who drove an orange Chevy. ☺



# doctrinal exposition: the lost ten tribes

Admit it. You dig ten-tribe tracking. Well, this article will assist you in your quest by presenting relevant information from the lips of our General Authorities.

by j. scott craig

We know

from a reliable source (the apocryphal book of 2 Esdras, 13:40-47) that the tribes were last seen heading north. Apostle Orson Pratt helps us chart their progress: "They likely passed between the Black and Caspian Seas and continued on through Russia to the extreme north shores of Europe, i. e., 2500 miles north. But this could not be a year and a half's journey; indeed, it would not be an average of five miles a day. From many intimations of ancient

prophecy they evidently had a highway made for them in the midst of the Arctic Ocean and were led to a land in the neighborhood of the North Pole. This region would be about 4000 miles north of their Assyrian residence and could be traveled in eighteen months time at an average of a little less than eight miles a day" (*Millennial Star* 29:201, 1867). As President of the Seventy George Reynolds wrote: "What must have been the sensations of even the boldest when they stood facing the icy waters of the Arctic Sea!" (*Juvenile Instructor* 18:28, 1883). The "lost" tribes at the North Pole? W. W. Phelps demanded that "no man marvel at this statement, because there may be a continent at the north pole, of more than 1300 square miles, containing thousands of millions of Israelites, who, after a highway is cast up in the great deep, may come to Zion, singing songs of everlasting joy" (*Messenger & Advocate* 2:194, 1835).

Does the "North Pole" theory seem too incredible? Perhaps you would prefer the "Outer-Space" theory. Eliza R. Snow proclaimed this hypothesis in Hymn 313 of the 1856 LDS hymnal: "And when the Lord saw fit to hide / The 'ten lost tribes' away, / Thou,

Earth, wast sever'd to provide / The orb on which they stay." It seems as if she received this idea from her husband and Prophet, Joseph Smith. Bathsheba Smith said in her *Recollections*, "I heard [Joseph] say, 'Peradventure, the ten tribes were not on this globe, but a portion of this earth cleaved off with them and went flying into space....'" (1892). Joseph later elaborated on the subject, as Wandle Mace relates in his autobiography: "'You know a long time ago in the days of Shalmanezar King of Assyria when the Ten

Underground, in space, at the North Pole? In 1959, BYU's very own Walt Whipple compiled several other extant hypotheses, as well. Nevertheless, the speculation rages on unabated. Could Santa Claus be an Israelite prophet? The "Man in the Moon?" What about those extra-planetary visitors seen fraternizing with Bush and Perot? Reflect, if you will, on Rudolph's enigmatically empowered nose, and the shiny rocks of which we read in the book of Ether—mere coincidence? And just why

does BYU's administration adamantly deny access to those mysterious underground tunnels?

Perhaps the Canadians are the

Tribes was taken away, and never been heard of since.' He said, 'The earth will be restored as at the beginning, and the last to be taken away will be the first to return....' He illustrated the return by saying, 'Some of you brethren have been coming up the river on a steamboat, and while seated at the table, the steamboat run against a snag which upset the table and scatter the dishes; so will it be when these portions of earth return.'" To further substantiate the claim, in 1884 Philo Dibble presented a copy of a cosmological sketch done by Joseph Smith, in which the ten tribes were situated on a separate planet.

Neither in the North Pole nor in space, you say? "Still others believe that on a certain date they were led of the Lord through a subterranean channel into the interior of the earth, eventually to be recovered therefrom" (Stephen Malan, 1912). Joseph Smith responded, when questioned by one Ben Johnson about the Tribes' whereabouts, "Well, you remember the old caldron or potash kettle you used to boil maple sap in for sugar, don't you? Well, they are in the north pole in a concave just the shape of that kettle. And John the Revelator is with them, preparing them for their return" (1947).

existing remnant of the *desaparecidos*. Or maybe even Utahns—they generally seem to be lost.

I probably should not disclose this, but I feel it my duty to do so—I am from one of the "lost" tribes. I am not from the North Pole, I did not surface from any tunnel, and I've never left the earth for any longer than a lay-up requires. Folks, I'm from Texas. I hope not to betray my parents' trust by saying that they, too, are Lost Tribes-persons. I therefore propose that Texas be seriously considered as a possible hideaway for our missing brethren and sisters.

What to do? Do you trust theories from men with names like Orson Pratt, Walt Whipple, Philo Dibble, and Wandle Mace? Do you patiently await further light and knowledge? Do you support your *SR* insider (even though it's tough to equate Texas with the "north countries")? Or do you just hit the streets asking to see people's patriarchal blessings?

The choice is yours. You now have the data before you. Weigh it, savor it, ponder on it, pray about it. And if you get a solid answer send it to

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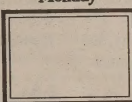
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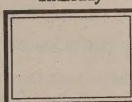
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## salt lake city: have you scene me?

It's no secret, with Pearl Jam, Alice in Chains, and the *Singles* soundtrack all perched atop the Billboard Top 20, that Seattle is the latest city to have carved its niche in the musical world. Whether it will serve as a curse or a boon to the city's artistic growth has yet to be seen, but Seattle now has a reputation. And reputations mean business. And business means money. But more importantly, Seattle now sounds like a fun place to live compared to the rest of the country.

It would seem these days that every major metropolis has its musical claim to fame: Detroit has the Motown sound; Chicago has the blues; New York **by s. nibley cannon** has rap, L.A. has everything; even Athens, GA has Southern, jangley, R.E.M.-type rock to call its own. And likewise, people want to live in these cities because they have personality.

So where does this leave Salt Lake City, an otherwise increasingly prosperous city? How much

longer will we be trying to answer the question, "So, what do you do for fun in Utah?" Well, with more clubs being shut down than opened and feeble support of local talent, it looks like the end is nowhere near unless we as citizens (and even if you're a student, you're a citizen if you live here now) do something about it. Until then, the most we will be able to boast is, with all due respect, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

It is plain depressing that, in an area where there are some 60 to 70 thousand college students, the biggest local record label is Deseret Book. Maybe such is our fate. Maybe Salt Lake City will become famous for the "feelgood" music scene. Maybe Afterglow, Janice Kapp Perry, and Michael McClean will all sign to major labels. Maybe there will even be a movie put out, following the *Singles* idea. Maybe it will be called *Young Adults*. Maybe I will transfer my credits and move as far away as possible.

But I would rather not. I would rather see

bands around here prosper. I would rather see a music scene thrive and draw looks and listens from outsiders. Despite the odds, bands such as Iceburn and Swim Herschel Swim have seen moderate national attention. But they are really anomalies. We are just lucky they haven't sought their fortunes elsewhere. Not yet, at least.

If there is a moral to this little article it is to make your opinion known. Request local music on the radio stations. Demand venues where bands can come and play, both in Salt Lake and here in Provo. Then, go to those venues when bands do perform there. Ask why we have only one dance club in the whole Provo/Orem area, where over 30,000 college-age students reside. Let your voices be heard as we try to do the same. In the immortal words of Marty DeBergie at the beginning of *This is Spinal Tap*, "Enough of my yakkin'. What d'ya say, let's boogie." ☺

## 10,000 maniacs: then and now.....

*Our Time In Eden*, the recently released effort by the 10,000 Maniacs, is certainly no surprise. It's the classic Maniacs sound perfected on *In My Tribe* and *Blind Man's Zoo*, but they've managed to keep it fresh with more piano and the introduction of horns—something previously unheard

of on a Maniacs album. Following the musical progression of these earlier albums, *Our Time In Eden* seems to be their next calculated step. Natalie's lyrics remain passionate, but have become more introspective and intimate. Absent are the socially

conscious anthems of previous albums. However, the religious overtones that have become a mainstay for the Maniacs are still there, as evidenced by the title. The album comes off sounding steady and controlled—only occasionally letting go with something up-beat. Overall, it's polished, melodic, and easily accessible

*Hope Chest: The Fredonia Recordings*, released in late 1990, is a compilation of the 10,000 Maniacs' earliest material. Recorded in 1982-83, it reveals the talent and energy that has sustained the Maniacs for over a decade of quality, original music. It's raw, ambitious, and very diverse, incorporating a broad range of influences and varying tempos, it stands up to repeated listenings without losing its edge. Contributing to its staying power are the experimental recording techniques that produced some unique sounds during those early sessions. The album is full of political and social themes cloaked in symbolism and delivered on a plate of infectious hooks and rhythmic harmonies—at times poetic, at times angry, but always passionate. Some of the gems on this one include a couple of very effective reggae tunes (believe it or not!). This is not the 10,000 Maniacs heard on mainstream alternative radio today. If you're looking for something a little different, pick this one up. ☺

## flavors of the week: low in cholestrol and saturated fat

**GLENN DANZIG** *Black Aria* (Plan 9) What? The frontman of Misfits, Sam Hain, and Danzig has gone classical? No need to fear, this solo project is still dark, demonic, and very Danzig.

**BEAT HAPPENING** *You Turn Me On* (SubPop) One of the best kept secrets out of Olympia, Washington, have proven themselves once again. After ten years of underground critical acclaim, Beat Happening's move to SubPop could push them out of the shadows and into your face.

**DAG NASTY** 85-86 (Selfless Records). An influential band that "ushered in an era of new tolerance to D.C. Hardcore music." Featuring the band's first vocalist, Shawn Brown, who gave Dag Nasty its hard edge. Be sure to check out the unreleased and live tracks.

**THE PLIMSOUHS** *Plimsouhs...Plus* (Rhino). Finally, the Plimsouhs on C.D. The Plimsouhs were one of L.A.'s premier hard pop bands, and now you can pick up their first ep and album—a total of 20 tracks. "Zero Hour," "Now," and "Hush Hush" are colorful pop classics.

## Eco Response and Honors Student Council Present:

# GEOFFREY PLATTS

COLUMNIST FROM  
DESERET ADVOCATE

TRUK! A MAN ALONE  
IN THE ARIZONA WILD

REFRESHMENTS WILL  
BE SERVED

November 10  
7:00 - 8:30 p.m.  
445 Marb

## miss these shows and die

**Friday, November 13** — No Doubt with Swim Herschel Swim  
United Steel Workers Union Hall, 1847 S. State, Orem

\$7 in advance, tickets at Crandall Audio, Graywhale CD and MODified Records

No Doubt puts on the best live show of any band touring today. Lead singer Gwen Stefani is so much woman that female concert goers will leave impressed and males concert goers will simply be smitten. And besides, as we all know by now, those Swim guys aren't just erotic dancers, they're entertainers.

**Monday, November 16** — The Spin/Fontana Tour featuring The House of Love, Catherine Wheel, and Ocean Colour Scene

Club DV8, 115 S. West Temple, Salt Lake City, 539 8400

\$12 in advance, tickets at Graywhale CD, Crandall Audio, and DV8

These three bands offer warm, fuzzy blankets of sound that soothe and sometimes smother. Some may remember Catherine Wheel's \$2 heckuva bargain show of this past August, which would be reason enough to catch this tour if groovin' to The House of Love's coy brand of pop weren't sufficient.



# what to watch

**A DEMON IN MY VIEW** Passion, secrets, suspense and murder are pieces of a complex puzzle which entwine the lives of both the innocent and the guilty who live at 142 Trinity Road. Arthur Johnson (Anthony Perkins *Psycho*), a mysterious lodge on the top floor spies and eavesdrops on the other tenants. When the wife of a drunken immigrant is brutally murdered, it revives memories of two ruthless murders from twenty years ago. Now the walls draw in on the beautiful Li-Li Chan who just wants to have a good time, and Anthony, a graduate student desperately waiting for his lover, and on Arthur who watches and listens while evil slowly destroys them all. Rated R

**KEEP THE CHANGE** Academy Award winner Jack Palance (*City Slickers*) put out the kind of classic performance that we've come to expect from him lately. *Keep the Change* is a contemporary western that depicts the struggle of two men for land in Montana. Joe Starling, played by William Peterson, moved back to his home in Montana, looking for a change of scenery after a failed painting career in California. Upon his arrival, he discovered that the land he had inherited was being usurped by Overstreet, played by Jack Palance, an old family enemy. Determined to preserve the family name, Starling sets out to kick Overstreet and his gang of bullies off his land. This is a great drama, mixed with a little romance, of course, that would be perfect for that Family Home Evening Video, *Bonanza* or just a quiet evening at home with the little lady (or little man.) Rated "M" (an approximate PG-13 equivalent). reviewed by than austin

**WE'RE TALKING SERIOUS**  
**MONEY** Sal Martinelli (Dennis Farina)

is an intense, opportunistic hustler who is more committed to making an easy buck than to his girlfriend, Valerie (Fran Drescher *This is Spinal Tap*, *The Big Picture*). Charlie Aiello (Leo Rossi *Relentless*, *The Accused*) is a man whose success rate is higher personally with women than it is professionally as a scam artist. Together, they are two inept, amateur New York City hoods whose outrageous get-rich-quick schemes usually amount to no more than harmless failures. But, when they enter the world of professional crooks by borrowing ten grand from the Mob, they're out of their league and in over their heads. As the stakes grow from ten thousand to a cool million dollars and eventually to their lives, Charlie and Sal are in serious trouble. Rated PG-13

**REVOLVER** Filmed in Barcelona, Spain (site of the '92 Summer Olympics), *Revolver* begins with Nick Sastro (Robert Ulrich) coming out of a self-imposed retirement to take on just this one final case: stopping drug and arms smuggler, Aldo Testi from expanding his operation to the United States. Under the alias of Joseph Bonet, Nick offers Testi easy passage into the lucrative U.S. market. But when a bullet meant for Testi paralyzes Nick, the game plan changes. Nick follows Testi to Spain equally determined to bring down the gangster's empire and fin the man who crippled him for life. In a race against time, Nick must find his assailant, exact his revenge and halt Testi who is ready to unveil the most diabolical warfare operation of the century. Rated R

**INCIDENT AT OGLALA** In 1975, armed FBI agents illegally entered the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. Gunfire erupted leaving one Native American

and two FBI agents dead. What followed was what many, including some of today's best attorneys, consider to be a mockery of justice. After the largest manhunt in FBI history, three men were apprehended. One, Native American Leonard Peltier was convicted of murder and sentenced to life in prison. From the beginning, Peltier's case has been dogged with controversy. Twelve years ago Robert Redford visited Peltier in prison and was convinced he had met with an innocent man. Now, he and director Michael Apted (*Gorillas In The Mist*, *Coal Miner's Daughter*) tell the story. Rated PG

**LINES OF FIRE** Deep inside the Golden Triangle—Asia's remote and ruthless land of opium and heroin—

Lines of Fire was filmed during a series of covert border crossings into rebel-held territories of Burma. It includes rare footage from the jungle camp of General Khun Sa, the opium warlord who enjoys being number one on the DEA's most wanted list. A smuggled tape from the streets of Rangoon shows the machine gunning

of unarmed civilians, and the response from freedom fighters in the Burmese jungles. A dangerous journey of discovery to a land shrouded in mystery, Lines of Fire is a daring investigation of a war that has been kept secret, until now. ☺

by rick carpenter

## CD REVIEW

### B-52's Good Stuff

*Good Stuff* is a prime follow-up and compliment to the B-52's 1989 release, *Cosmic Thing*. The sound is vintage B-52's combined with a fresher synthesized sound on some tracks and brass horn backups on others. On *Good Stuff* the B-52's were transformed from a quartet to a trio with the departure of vocalist Cindy Wilson, but her absence is hardly noticed as Kate Pierson and others pick up the slack. And if you ever wondered if Fred Schneider could actually carry a tune, give a listen to "Dreamland". Granted, he's not Barry Manilow, but it's refreshing to hear a melody once in a while. There's a lot of tightly packed energy on this cd, even if it may lack the catchy tunes and melodies we heard so much of from *Cosmic Thing*. You're gonna have to sample this one from a friend, 'cause you're probably not gonna hear it blaring from the jukebox at the Cougarat. ☺

reviewed by than austin



## Steeper and Deeper

Warren Miller and his world-traveling crew treated a sneak performance audience to a radical and extreme experience at Sundance on October 15th. The film *Steeper and Deeper* takes the viewer to places all over the world, from July skiing in Australia, to world Super-G slalom course racing in Japan, to the unexplored mountains of Turkey. Along with these unusual areas were places better known to this region, such as Snowbird, Aspen, and Telluride.

As usual, Miller included his humorous commentary during shots of floundering skiers trying to make it down the slopes. And the camera work was better than on any of his past films as well, as the lens followed skiers over bumps, cliffs, rocks, crevasses, tree stumps, and even people. Also featured in the film were extremists Scott Schmidt, German snowboarder Peter Bauer, Zudnik the Wonder Dog, and former U.S. President Gerald Ford.

The film will be shown 7:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m., and midnight on November 13th at Provo High School, and again at Snow College in Ephraim on December 5th. Contact Grey Whale CD Exchange and Jerry's Sport Service after November 1st for more information and tickets.

Any way you look at it, *Steeper and Deeper* prepares you for a great season of skiing and snowboarding and is a must-see for all skiers, shredders, and anybody looking to try the slopes this winter.

by Cary Zabriskie

## VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

Womens studies class would like volunteers (men and women) to take a survey on the effect of culture on sexuality.

For info on how you can participate call Sara at 374-9886



# C

## alendar

If you would like something in the calendar call Heather at 377-1937

### THEATRE

Sept. 18 - Nov. 28, "The Fantasticks" Fri. and Sat. 8pm. Sundance.  
Sept. 19 - Nov. 16, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" City Rep.  
Sept. 25 - Nov. 21, "The Babysitters" Hale Center Theatre Orem.  
Oct. 23 - Nov. 14, "The Magenta Moth" Thurs. - Sat. 8 p.m., Egyptian Theater.  
Oct. 28 - Nov. 14, Much Ado About Nothing, Mon.-Thurs. 7:30 p.m., Fri. & Sat. 8 p.m., Mat. Sat. 2 p.m., Pioneer Theater Company, 581-6961.  
Oct. 1 - Nov. 21, "The Rainmaker" Hale Center Theatre SLC.  
Nov. 14, "Phantom of the Opera, a musical comedy, Mon.-Thurs. 7 p.m., Fri.-Sat. at 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m., Desert Star Playhouse, 4861 S. State Street in Murray, 266-7600.  
Oct. 30 - Nov. 7, Cinderella, Ballet West, 355-2787.

### MUSIC

Tuesdays, Rich Dixon-jazz and improv, 8pm, Pier 54 Provo.  
Thursdays, Captain Haji and the Blues Bandits and open jam, 8pm, Pier 54 Provo.  
Nov. 9, Mendelsohn Male Chorus and Madsen Memorial Choir, 7 p.m., Provo Tabernacle, 379-6600.  
Sundays, Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word," Temple Square, from 9:30-10:00 a.m. Please be seated by 9:15 a.m.  
Thursdays, Mormon Tabernacle Choir rehearsals, 8:00-9:30 p.m.  
Nov. 6, Sawyer Brown with Billy Dean and Leory Parnell, Huntsman at U of U, 467-TIXX.  
Nov. 4, Victoria Ferris, violin, with Jeffrey

Price, piano, 7:30, Temple Square.

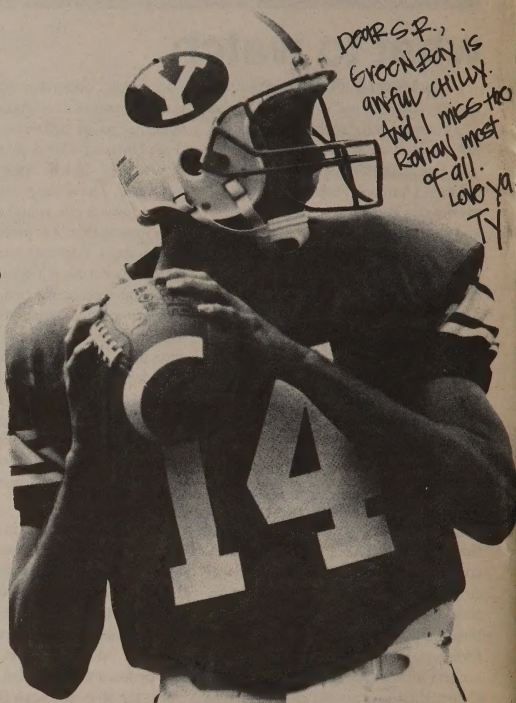
Nov. 6, Susan Huff, soprano, with Michael Huff, piano, 7:30, Temple Square.  
Nov. 7, BYU Chamber Orchestra, 7:30, Temple Square.  
Nov. 11, Martin Riseley, violinist, with Maurice Till, piano, 7:30, Temple Square.  
Nov. 6, Randy Morris and Jared Stone, 8 p.m., Cafe Haven.  
Nov. 7, Sawyer Brown with guests Billy Dean & Lee Roy Parnell, 7:30 p.m. Huntsman Center, U of U, 581-6641.  
Dead Goat Saloon, live music, 328-GOAT.  
Zephyr, live music, 355-CLUB.  
Nov. 7, West Coast Band Jams including Ali Ali Oxen Free, 8 p.m., UVCC.  
Nov. 6, DOG, 10 p.m., Good Time Charlies.

### USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Bill Clinton Hotline, 1-800-772-8683.  
Ecumenical College Fellowship Org., 373-3090.  
White House, 202-456-1414.  
Governor, 538-1000.  
Center for Women and Children in Crises, 374-9351.  
Ask-A-Nurse, 377-8488.  
Amnesty International (local), 373-0772.  
Air Quality Hotline, 373-9560.  
Utah Bureau of Air Quality, 536-4000.  
Uinta National Forest, 377-5780.  
Peace Corps Recruiting Office, 581-5100.  
Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.  
General BYU Campus and Community Info, 378-4313.  
UTA, 375-4636.  
Sierra Club Hotline, latest national environmental news, 202-547-5550.  
Alcoholics Anonymous, 375-8620.  
LDS Social Services, 378-7620.  
Time and Temperature, 373-9120.  
AIDS Hotline 1800-AIDS-411.

### OTHER

Monday night poetry, 7-8pm, at Cafe Haven, 1605 S. State Orem.  
Massages, full body, full hour, \$16, call 359-2528.  
Nov. 6, Constellations of the Night Stars, 7:30 p.m. & 8:30 p.m., 492 ESC on BYU.  
Nov. 4 - Nov. 9, Dorothy Hamill in Ice Capades, 7 p.m., mat. Sat. 2 p.m., Delta Center, 467-TIXX.  
Nov. 5 - 8, Desert Writers Workshop, Pack Creek Ranch, Moab, 259-7750.  
Nov. 10, Geoffrey Platt, author, Trek! Man alone in the Arizona Wild, 7 p.m., 445 Marb at BYU.  
Nov. 6, Derrick Cameron, Johnny B's, 537-6024.  
Geneva Steel Plant Tours, MTuWTF at 9:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m., Call to reserve your environmental awakening, 222-9240.  
Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC. Shows include Laser Beatles, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laserlight IV and Laser Floyd. Info 538-2098.  
Nov. 7, Park City Mountain Challenge, 4.5-mile run, Prospector Athletic Club, 10 a.m., 649-6670.  
Nov. 7, Sue Friedrich, New York Filmmaker, premiere, Utah Film and Video Center, 534-1158.  
Endangered Species Lectures, Nov. 4, David Knowlton; Nov. 10, Paul Cox, 7 p.m., Amanda Knight Hall.  
Readings of local women writers, Mondays, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, free, call 583-6431.  
Every 2 and 4 Sunday, Family History Center Classes, HBL Library.  
Sept. 26 - Dec. 31, Out of the Land: Utah Women, Springville Art Museum.



## Graywhale CD Exchange Presents



# Fall Preference '92 at SNOWBIRD®

Friday December 4th 1992 - 8pm to Midnight  
Snowbird Cliff Lodge - \$20 per couple

Tram Rides Available - Photographer Available  
Formal and Semi-formal

\$500 in door prizes - Limited Tickets

Tickets available at Graywhale CD Exchange

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